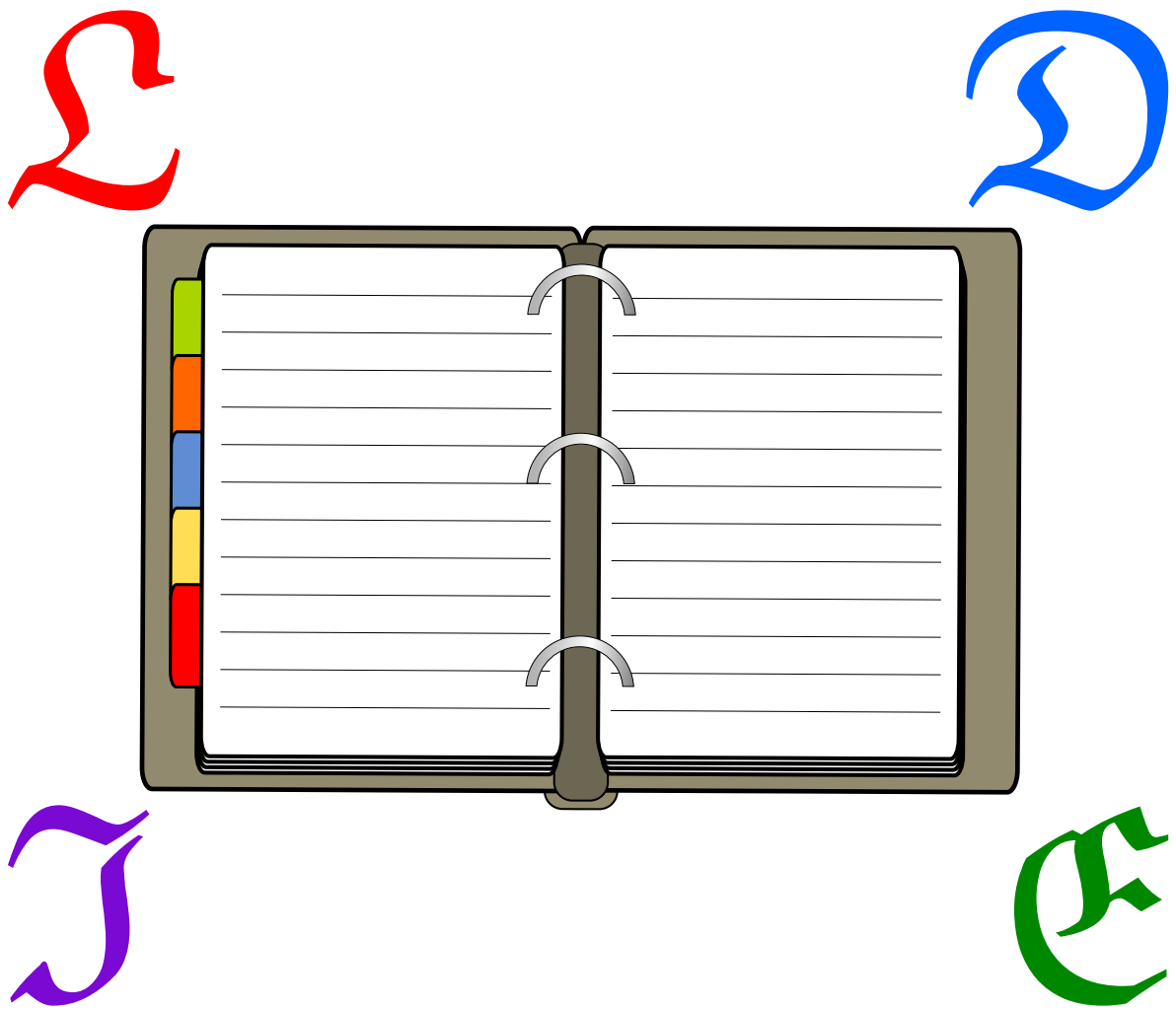


Literature Done in English



Douglas Perkins & Adam Pearson

February 17, 2020

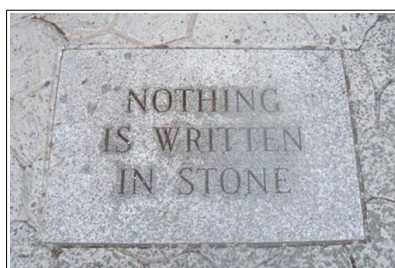
Preface

“A writer is a person who cares what words mean, what they say, how they say it. Writers know words are their way towards truth and freedom, and so they use them with care, with thought, with fear, with delight.”

– Ursula K. Le Guin, [*A Few Words to a Young Writer*](#) (2008)

*“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.”*

– John Keats, [*Endymion*](#) (1818)



The study of English literature has numerous benefits. When studying poetry, students learn about syllables, sounds, and how to choose between words that have similar meanings yet differ in nuance. Taking a glance at prose gives students a look at what some great historical authors had to say and how the way these authors expressed themselves lent significance to their messages.

This short textbook was first written in December, 2015, for a two-month segment of a tenth grade ESL class in Japan. Our students are planning to study abroad their 11th grade year, and in preparation for English class while abroad we study a little bit before they go. Two months is a short time for such a vast field. Yet, if our students develop some appreciation for English literature, it will surely be a benefit to them. Hemingway once wrote, “There are many kinds of stories in this book. I hope that you will find some that you like.”

This book is freely licensed in the hope that other teachers will, if they like what they find, use it, share it, and build upon it. In turn, students benefit by using the improved materials.

– Douglas Perkins & Adam Pearson. Nishitokyo, Japan.



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Chapter 1: Poetry

What are you doing
Staying in your house all day?
Waiting for the tide.

– Therese Sellers, [Twitter](#)



Syllables

English words can be divided into sounds or counts. These are called *syllables*.

SYLLABLE COUNT

1	2	3	4	5
one joy cute	purple apple beauty	difficult hamburger nothingness	biology caterpillar unfortunate	curiosity refrigerator environmental

Counting Syllables

How many syllables do the following words have?

___ great	___ poetry	___ watermelon
___ pure	___ memory	___ perfect
___ Shakespeare	___ rings	___ unchanging
___ nurse	___ stage	___ literature
___ incredible	___ abroad	___ naturally

Word Brainstorming

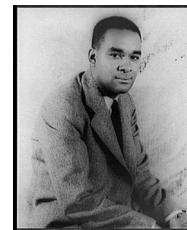
Write words of the appropriate word type with the right number of syllables.

	1	2	3	4
noun	shoe			
verb		create		investigate
adjective			amazing	invisible
adverb				generally

Haiku

By Richard Wright (1908–1960)

1. Keep straight down this block,
Then turn right where you will find
A peach tree blooming.
2. The dog's violent sneeze
Fails to rouse a single fly
On his mangy back.
3. The webs of spiders
Sticking to my sweaty face
In the dusty woods.
4. A huge drift of snow
Blocks the narrow pathway to
The little toy shop.
5. Just enough of snow
For a boy's finger to write
His name on the porch.
6. A butterfly makes
The sunshine even brighter
With fluttering wings.



By James William Hackett (1929–2004)

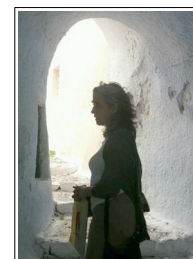
7. Beyond this mountain,
so vast as to strain the eye:
a world of autumn.
8. Deep within the stream
the huge fish lie motionless,
facing the current.

By Jack Kerouac (1944–1994)

9. Nightfall,
too dark to read the page
too cold.
10. You'd be surprised
how little I knew
Even up to yesterday

By Therese Sellers

11. I was of his life
The sunshine, he said, and left
Through an airport gate.
12. Her best poems sprang
Like the winged, immortal horse
Out of blood and loss.
13. Stay inside the house.
This is your strength and safety,
You are a turtle.
14. Whispers in autumn
Become shouts in the winter
You must leave this place.
15. Silent for decades
She found her voice on Twitter
And the dam burst.
16. Town green, autumn day
I wanted to give thanks
But did not know how.



Evolution of Haiku

Haiku originated from Japan over three hundred years ago. The most famous haiku poet in history is Matsuo Basho (1644-1694). In the 1800s, long after Basho's time, haiku spread from Japan to the west and influenced writers such as Ezra Pound and Jack Kerouac.

Although traditional Japanese haiku have certain required elements – the 5-7-5 pattern, a seasonal word, a cut word – in the American tradition the rules are somewhat relaxed.

“A ‘Western Haiku’ need not concern itself with 17 syllables, since Western languages cannot adapt themselves to the fluid syllabic Japanese. I propose that the ‘Western Haiku’ simply say a lot in three short lines in any Western language.”

—Jack Kerouac

Along with Kerouac's expressive concerns, translating haiku raises other questions. Basho wrote in Japanese, but when we translate from Japanese to English, often there is no good way to match the syllable count while maintaining the feeling and expressiveness.

Basho's Poems

1. old pond—
a frog jumps in,
water's sound
2. an old silent pond
a frog jumps into the pond,
splash! silence again
3. in the capital:
ninety-nine thousand people
blossom viewing
4. autumn wind
through an open door—
a piercing cry
5. wind from Mt. Fuji—
carrying it in my fan,
a souvenir for those in Edo
6. ah spring, spring,
great is spring,
etcetera
7. Autumn moonlight
a worm digs silently—
into the chestnut.
8. one who breakfasts
with morning glories:
that's what I am
9. A snowy morning—
by myself,
chewing on dried salmon.



Rhyme

Two words *rhyme* when they end with the same sound. Complete the table.

Example	heart	start	smart	<i>dart</i>	<i>depart</i>
1.	bat	cat	chat	_____	_____
2.	yes	chess	confess	_____	_____
3.	pack	sack	comeback	_____	_____
4.	hit	pit	commit	_____	_____
5.	entertain	Spain	crane	_____	_____
6.	feel	kneel	steal	_____	_____

Rhyme in Poetry

Read the poem and find the two pairs of lines that end with rhymes.

I am not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still
A spirit beautiful and bright,
Yet I am I, who long to be
Lost as a light is lost in light.



– Sara Teasdale, [Love Songs](#) (1917)

Find the Rhymes

Circle the words that rhyme with the underlined word.

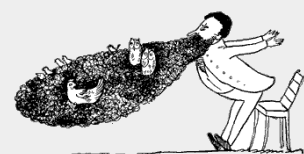
1. Macklemore: Caesar will make you a believer.
2. P!nk: Right from the start, you were a thief – you stole my heart.
3. 2Pac: Suspended from school and scared to go home, I was a fool.
4. Eminem: He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready.
5. Taylor Swift: So hey, let's be friends. I'm dying to see how this one ends.
6. Alex & Sierra: This is where it starts tonight if you open up your heart tonight.
7. Kanye West: I got way too many blues for any more bad news.

Rhythm

A painter, who lived in Great Britain,
Interrupted two girls with their knittin'
He said, with a sigh,
“That park bench – well I
Just painted it, right where you’re sittin’.”



There was an old man with a beard,
Who said, “It is just as I feared!—
Two owls, an eagle,
A chicken and seagull,
Have all built their nests in my beard!”



These two poems are *limericks*. Answer the questions.

1. Which lines are short?
A) First limerick. _____
B) Second limerick. _____
2. Which lines are long?
A) First limerick. _____
B) Second limerick. _____
3. What are some differences between haiku and limericks?

Changing Speed

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots;
Her coat is of the tabby kind, with tiger stripes and leopard spots.
All day she sits upon the stair or on the steps or on the mat:
She sits and sits and sits and sits—and that’s what makes a Gumbie Cat!



– T. S. Eliot, [Old Possum’s Practical Book of Cats](#) (1939)

1. What do you think the made-up word “gumbie” means?
2. Read this poem slowly, then quickly. Which sounds better?
3. What parts should be read even more slowly or quickly?

Assonance and Consonance

Assonance is the repetition of vowel sounds. *Consonance* is the repetition of consonant sounds.

ASSONANCE

sweet dreams
twice at night
sweeps and cleans
depressed and restless

CONSONANCE

first and last
a worm in a storm
seven sandwiches
depressed and restless

Classify the Pattern

Do the following phrases include assonance, consonance, or both?

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Kit-Kat. | ASSONANCE / CONSONANCE |
| 2. Tee-hee. | ASSONANCE / CONSONANCE |
| 3. Red roses. | ASSONANCE / CONSONANCE |
| 4. Light a fire. | ASSONANCE / CONSONANCE |
| 5. Buses go by. | ASSONANCE / CONSONANCE |
| 6. Sweet dreams. | ASSONANCE / CONSONANCE |
| 7. A deep stream. | ASSONANCE / CONSONANCE |
| 8. We feel peaceful. | ASSONANCE / CONSONANCE |
| 9. Its loveliness increases. | ASSONANCE / CONSONANCE |

Write Some Sentences

Write sentences including assonance.

Example I love driving at high speeds.

Example Take your time and be patient.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Write some sentences using consonance.

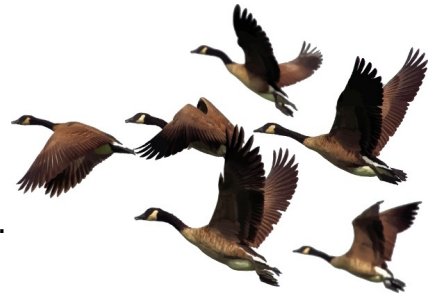
Example The boy didn't want to play baseball.

Example They paved paradise, put up a parking lot.

4. _____
5. _____



Wild Geese



1 You do not have to be good.
 You do not have to walk on your knees
 For a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.
 You only have to let the soft animal of your body
5 love what it loves.
 Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
 Meanwhile the world goes on.
 Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
 are moving across the landscapes,
10 over the prairies and the deep trees,
 the mountains and the rivers.
 Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,
 are heading home again.
 Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
15 the world offers itself to your imagination,
 calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting –
 over and over announcing your place
 in the family of things.

– Mary Oliver, *Wild Geese* (1986)

Interpretation

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 1. The author thinks you have to be perfect. | TRUE / FALSE |
| 2. The poem is about living life naturally. | TRUE / FALSE |
| 3. The author thinks people are similar to animals. | TRUE / FALSE |
| 4. The author feels the world is warm and friendly. | TRUE / FALSE |

Poetry Recitation

Choose a poem that you like and read it aloud to the class.

- Practice pronunciation a lot, so the listener can easily understand you.
- Start with the name of the poem, if it has one, and the author's name.
- Say when the poem was written, if you know.
- Speak with feeling and speed that matches the words in the poem.

Some Famous Poems

1. If you are a dreamer, come in.
If you are a dreamer, a wisher, a liar,
A hope-er, a pray-er, a magic-bean-buyer,
If you're a pretender, come sit by my fire,
For we have some flax golden tales to spin.
Come in!
Come in!



– Shel Silverstein, [Where the Sidewalk Ends](#) (1974)

2. Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size
But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
I say,
It's in the reach of my arms
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.



– Maya Angelou, [Phenomenal Woman](#) (1978)

3. No sun – no moon!
No morn – no noon –
No dawn – no dusk – no proper time of day.
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member –
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds! –
November!



– Thomas Hood, [November](#) (1844)

4. I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity.
Nor had I time to love, but since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love, I thought,
Was large enough for me.



– Emily Dickinson, [Part One: Life XXII](#) (1924)

5. I, too, sing America.
I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.
Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.
Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—
I, too, am America.



– Langston Hughes, [I, Too](#)

6. I would liken you
To a night without stars
Were it not for your eyes.
I would liken you
To a sleep without dreams
Were it not for your songs.

– Langston Hughes, [Quiet Girl](#)

7. My mom says I'm her sugarplum.
My mom says I'm her lamb.
My mom says I'm completely perfect
Just the way I am.
My mom says I'm a super-special wonderful terrific little guy.
My mom just had another baby.
Why?



– Judith Viorst, *Some Things Don't Make Sense at All* (1931)

8. The power of a gun can kill
and the power of fire can burn
the power of wind can chill
and the power of a mind can learn
the power of anger can rage
inside until it tears u apart
but the power of a smile
especially yours can heal a frozen heart

2PAC

– Tupac Shakur, [The Power of a Smile](#)

9. I am forever walking upon these shores,
Betwixt the sand and the foam,
The high tide will erase my foot-prints,
And the wind will blow away the foam.
But the sea and the shore will remain
Forever.



– Kahlil Gibran, [Sand and Foam](#) (1926)

10. The reality of the other person is not in what he reveals to you,
but in what he cannot reveal to you.
Therefore, if you would understand him,
listen not to what he says but rather to what he does not say.

– Kahlil Gibran, [Sand and Foam](#) (1926)

11. I have to learn how to dance
in time for the next party
my room is too small for me
suppose I die before graduation
they will sing sad melodies
but finally
tell the truth about me
There is nothing I want to do
and too much
that has to be done
and momma's in the bedroom
with the door closed.



– Audre Lorde, [Hanging Fire](#)

12. Mrs Moon
sitting up in the sky
little old lady
rock-a-bye
with a ball of fading light
and silvery needles
knitting the night



– Roger McGough, [Mrs Moon](#)

13. Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing;
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears!



– William Allingham, [Four Ducks on a Pond](#) (1905)

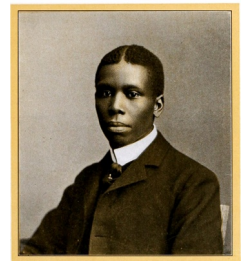
14. In tight pants, tight skirts,
 Stretched or squeezed,
 Youth hurts,
 Crammed in, bursting out,
 Flesh will sing
 And hide its doubt
 In nervous hips, hopping glance,
 Usurping rouge,
 Provoking stance.

Put off, or put on,
 Youth hurts.
 And then
 It's gone.



– James Emanuel, [The Young Ones, Flip Side](#)

15. I found you and I lost you,
 All on a gleaming day.
 The day was filled with sunshine,
 And the land was full of May.
 A golden bird was singing
 Its melody divine,
 I found you and I loved you,
 And all the world was mine.
 I found you and I lost you,
 All on a golden day,
 But when I dream of you, dear,
 It is always brimming May.



– Paul Laurence Dunbar, [A Golden Day](#) (1913)

16. Gone are the days
 when you could walk on water.
 When you could walk.
 The days are gone.
 Only one day remains,
 the one you're in.
 The memory is no friend.
 It can only tell you
 what you no longer have:
 a left hand you can use,
 two feet that walk.
 All the brain's gadgets.



– Margaret Atwood, [A Visit](#) (1995)

17. The tree was barren of leaves but you brought a new spring.
 Long green sprouts, verdant flowers, fresh promise.
 Mori, if I ever forget my profound gratitude to you,
 Let me burn in hell forever.



– Ikkyū, [To Lady Mori With Deepest Gratitude And Thanks](#)

18. I say I want to save the world but really
I want to write poems all day
I want to rise, write poems, go to sleep,
Write poems in my sleep
Make my dreams poems
Make my body a poem with beautiful clothes
I want my face to be a poem
I have just learned how to apply
Eyeliner to the corners of my eyes to make them appear wide
There is a romantic abandon in me always



– Dorothea Lasky, [Ars Poetica](#) (2010)

19. In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!
Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.
Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!



– Robert Louis Stevenson, [Autumn Fires](#) (1906)

20. I don't know what living a balanced life feels like
When I am sad
I don't cry, I pour
When I am happy
I don't smile, I beam
When I am angry
I don't yell, I burn
The good thing about
feeling in extremes
is when I love
I give them wings
but perhaps
that isn't
such a good thing
cause they always
tend to leave and
you should see me
when my heart is broken
I don't grieve
I shatter.



– rupi kaur, [Tumblr](#) (2017)

Chapter 2: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet Act 1 Scene 1

Gregory: I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sampson: Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

Abraham: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson: I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abraham: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson: Is the law of our side, if I say "ay"?

Gregory: No.

Sampson: No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gregory: Do you quarrel, sir?

Abraham: Quarrel sir! No, sir.

Sampson: If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abraham: No better.

Sampson: Well, sir.

Gregory: Say "better". Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sampson: Yes, better, sir.

Abraham: You lie.

Sampson: Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

They fight. Enter Benvolio.

Benvolio: Part, fools! Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Beats down their swords. Enter Tybalt.

Tybalt: What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Benvolio: I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me.

Tybalt: What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word, as I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. Have at thee, coward!

New Vocabulary

Shakespeare wrote in Middle English, which is considerably different from the way we speak today. What do you think the words mean? Match the words.

<u>Word</u>		<u>Meaning</u>
1. list	_____	no
2. sir	_____	your
3. ay	_____	mister
4. nay	_____	fight
5. quarrel	_____	yes
6. swashing	_____	are
7. thy	_____	you
8. art	_____	you
9. thou	_____	crushing
10. thee	_____	choose



Unknown Words

We often encounter words that we don't know. If we have time, we can ask someone, or we can look the words up in a dictionary. At other times, we just have to guess. Read the passage and try to imagine what's happening.

The knave pulled a falcata from his belt and slashed at the woman who jumped to the side. She ran down to the currach, pushed it into the water, and floated away. High overhead, an egret flew by, not knowing the battle below. With a yell, the knave stormed back to his burro and led the animal back to town.

1. Cross out all the words you don't know. Use a thick black pen or marker.
2. For each word you crossed out, guess at the word's meaning and draw a picture of it.

Chapter 3: Prose

Preferred Descriptions

For each picture, which description do you like? What sounds the best to you? Why?

1.



- A) The yellow sun set behind Mt. Fuji.
- B) The sun was a gold halo around Mt. Fuji.
- C) The sunset on Mt. Fuji was as yellow as corn.

2.



- A) It is an ocean of sand.
- B) The desert sand is as white as snow.
- C) The desert is wide and the sand is white.

3.



- A) The flowers are very colorful.
- B) The flower garden is like a rainbow.
- C) The garden is a prism of beautiful flowers.

Describe the Pictures

1.



2.



3.



Describe the pictures using as much detail as you can.

- 1. _____
- 2. _____
- 3. _____

Adjectives and Adverbs

Adjectives modify nouns. *Adverbs* modify verbs and other adjectives.

ADJECTIVES

I want to buy a blue car.

The water is deep.

Henry was very tired.

ADVERBS

The old man ran slowly.

The doctor works hard.

The baseball player is really tired.

Adjective Selection

Write an adjective that has the same or almost the same meaning.

Example	big	large	Example	very cold	freezing
1.	little	_____	6.	near	_____
2.	difficult	_____	7.	far	_____
3.	fast	_____	8.	friendly	_____
4.	enjoyable	_____	9.	evil	_____
5.	glittering	_____	10.	drowsy	_____

Identify the Words

Are the underlined words adjectives or adverbs?

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 1. He walks <u>quickly</u> . | ADJECTIVE / ADVERB |
| 2. Your face is <u>red</u> . | ADJECTIVE / ADVERB |
| 3. The train stopped <u>suddenly</u> . | ADJECTIVE / ADVERB |
| 4. We arrived <u>early</u> . | ADJECTIVE / ADVERB |
| 5. He lay flat on the <u>pine-needed</u> floor of the forest. | ADJECTIVE / ADVERB |
| 6. The mountainside sloped <u>gently</u> where he lay. | ADJECTIVE / ADVERB |

Choose the Word

Write the best word in the blank. Which is needed, an adjective or an adverb?

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1. The bullet train is _____. | [fast / quickly] |
| 2. He _____ held the baby. | [gentle / gently] |
| 3. She has _____ arms. | [thin / thinly] |
| 4. The airplane flies _____ in the sky. | [loud / loudly] |
| 5. _____ speaking, I'm incredibly nervous. | [frank / frankly] |
| 6. Mr. Glymour talks _____ well. | [amazing / amazingly] |

Good Writing

In his 1946 book [Politics and the English Language](#), George Orwell wrote six rules as a remedy to bad writing. These rules are all high impact, and several of them are particularly simple to use.

- Rule #1 Never use a metaphor, simile, or other figure of speech which you are used to seeing in print.
- Rule #2 Never use a long word where a short one will do.
- Rule #3 If it is possible to cut a word out, always cut it out.
- Rule #4 Never use the passive where you can use the active.
- Rule #5 Never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word, or a jargon word if you can think of an everyday English equivalent.
- Rule #6 Break any of these rules sooner than say anything outright barbarous.



Match the Meaning

Match each long sentence with a short sentence that means the same thing.

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 1. The quiz in math class was not at all easy to complete. | _____ |
| 2. The textbook was forgotten in the classroom at the school by Sarah. | _____ |
| 3. Yesterday, the weather turned out to be quite rainy. | _____ |
| 4. The heavy textbook is very, very large and hard to carry. | _____ |
| 5. Rainy weather does not make the man feel the least bit happy. | _____ |
-
- | | |
|--|--|
| A) Sarah forgot the textbook in the classroom. | |
| B) Rain makes the man sad. | |
| C) The textbook is cumbersome. | |
| D) The math quiz was difficult. | |
| E) It rained yesterday. | |

“The difference between the almost right word and the right word is really a large matter – ‘tis the difference between the lightning bug and the lightning.”

– Mark Twain, [Letter to George Bainton](#) (1888)

Positive Phrasing

Without changing the general meaning, rewrite the following sentences so they use positive words instead of negative ones. Avoid using “not”, “n’t”, “never”, and “un-”.

1. University-level chemistry is not easy to learn.

2. Rachel doesn't like to eat fish.

3. It will not be good weather tomorrow.

4. Ann is unable to come to school on time.

5. The lights are not on right now.

6. The boy cannot speak much Spanish.

7. The girl did not quite finish her homework.

8. Doug never forgets his morning coffee.

Book Report

Choose a paragraph from a book that you like. Introduce it to the class.

- Presentations should be 100 words or longer.
- Start with the name of the book, the author's name, and when it was written.
- Read the paragraph with feeling.
- End with “Thank you.” or a similar closing phrase.



Comparisons

In English literature and poetry, two common comparisons are used: simile and metaphor. A simile is a comparison using “like” or “as”. A metaphor is a comparison where you say something *is* something else. These sentences might get long and complicated, but they’re simultaneously a useful tool for conveying emotion from the writer to the reader.

SIMILE

Your eyes are like deep pools.

He was as tall as a giraffe.

She was like an angel to me.

He fought like a lion.

METAPHOR

That man is a pig.

Her eyes were fireflies.

The classroom was a zoo.

My brother is a rolling stone.

Complete the Simile

Choose the word that best fits in the blank.

Example He's as cute as a puppy.

[puppy / box / baseball]

1. She's cold as _____.

[mice / ice / lice]

2. She is _____ as a cat.

[gentle / quick / rich]

3. You and me, we're stuck like _____.

[erasers / paper / glue]

4. My heart is like an _____.

[eraser / open book / ant]

5. My dog is as blind as a _____.

[bat / cat / giraffe]

6. My love for you is as deep as _____.

[white / fall / the ocean]

7. That guy is as nutty as a _____.

[fruitcake / latte / bear]

8. He is as strong as an _____.

[snake / ox / daffodil]

Symbolism

Choose the noun that best illustrates the concept, and write it in the blank.

Example anger → a fire

a fast car

1. something new → _____

the Sun

2. light → _____

a bird in the sky

3. bright → _____

Spring

4. escape → _____

a fire

5. death → _____

a feather

6. freedom → _____

honey

7. innocent → _____

night

8. sweet → _____

a lamb

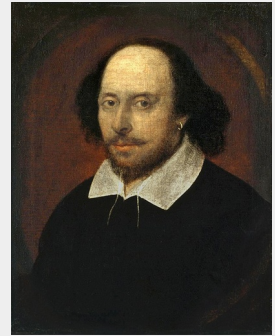
Descriptions from Famous Literature

Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

– William Shakespeare, [Sonnet 18](#) (1609)



Desert Solitaire

This is the most beautiful place on earth.

There are many such places. Every man, every woman, carries in heart and mind the image of the ideal place, the right place, the one true home, known or unknown, actual or visionary. A houseboat in Kashmir, a view down Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn, a gray gothic farmhouse two stories high at the end of a red dog road in the Allegheny Mountains... Theologians, sky pilots, astronauts have even felt the appeal of home calling to them from up above, in the cold black outback of interstellar space.

For myself I'll take Moab, Utah. I don't mean the town itself, of course, but the country which surrounds it – the canyonlands. The slickrock desert. The red dust and burnt cliffs and the lonely sky – all that which lies beyond the end of the roads.

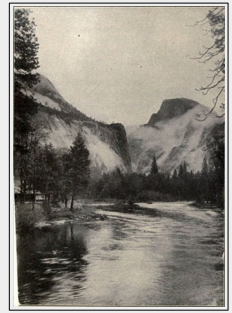
– Edward Abbey, [Desert Solitaire](#) (1968)



My First Summer in the Sierra

In the great Central Valley of California there are only two seasons—spring and summer. The spring begins with the first rainstorm, which usually falls in November. In a few months the wonderful flowery vegetation is in full bloom, and by the end of May it is dead and dry and crisp, as if every plant had been roasted in an oven.

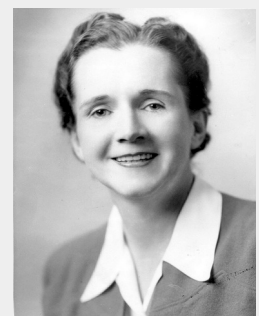
– John Muir, [My First Summer in the Sierra](#) (1911)



Silent Spring

There was once a town in the heart of America where all life seemed to live in harmony with its surroundings. The town lay in the midst of a checkerboard of prosperous farms, with fields of grain and hillsides of orchards where, in spring, white clouds of bloom drifted above the green fields. In autumn, oak and maple and birch set up a blaze of color that flamed and flickered across a backdrop of pines. Then foxes barked in the hills and deer silently crossed the fields, half hidden in the mists of the fall mornings.

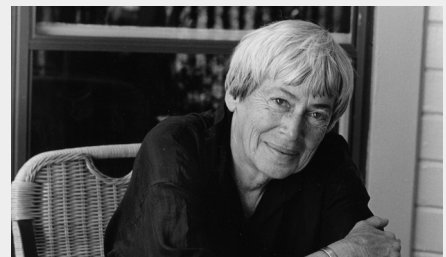
– Rachel Carson, [Silent Spring](#) (1962)



The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas

With a clamor of bells that set the swallows soaring, the Festival of Summer came to the city Omelas, bright-towered by the sea. The ringing of the boats in harbor sparkled with flags. In the streets between houses with red roofs and painted walls, between old moss-grown gardens and under avenues of trees, past great parks and public buildings, processions moved. Some were decorous: old people in long stiff robes of mauve and gray, grave master workmen, quiet, merry women carrying their babies and chatting as they walked. In other streets the music beat faster, a shimmering of gong and tambourine, and the people went dancing, the procession was a dance...

– Ursula K. LeGuin, [The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas](#) (1973)



The Hobbit

In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.

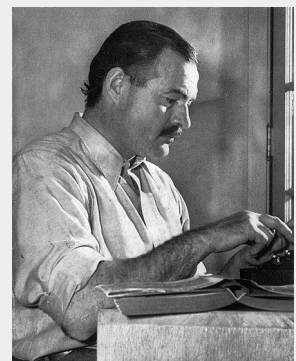


It had a perfectly round door like a porthole, painted green, with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle. The door opened on to a tube-shaped hall like a tunnel: a very comfortable tunnel without smoke, with panelled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted, provided with polished chairs, and lots and lots of pegs for hats and coats—the hobbit was fond of visitors. The tunnel wound on and on, going fairly but not quite straight into the side of the hill—The Hill, as all the people for many miles round called it—and many little round doors opened out of it, first on one side and then on another. No going upstairs for the hobbit: bedrooms, bathrooms, cellars, pantries (lots of these), wardrobes (he had whole rooms devoted to clothes), kitchens, dining-rooms, all were on the same floor, and indeed on the same passage. The best rooms were all on the left-hand side (going in), for these were the only ones to have windows, deep-set round windows looking over his garden, and meadows beyond, sloping down to the river.

– J. R. R. Tolkien, [The Hobbit](#) (1937)

Hills Like White Elephants

The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went on to Madrid.



– Ernest Hemingway, [Hills Like White Elephants](#) (1927)

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